

# THE LURE O' THE KILT

Dedicated to the Band of the 134th Batt., C. E. F.

In attendance at the Ceremony in Westminster Abbey, commemorating  
the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Confederation of the Provinces of  
Canada, in the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen

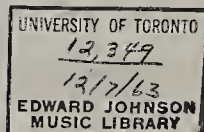
WORDS BY  
George Cox

*Author of*  
It's Not Without Thorns  
You And I Alone  
Fragrant Perfume  
Smile and Sing



MUSIC BY  
Kingsley O'Tay

*Composer of*  
It's Not Without Thorns  
You And I Alone  
Fragrant Perfume, Etc.



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THE WEONA PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
TORONTO, CANADA

## "THE LURE O' THE KILT"

I watched a Scotch regiment march doon the grade  
 Frae Edinburgh Castle—a grand sight they made.  
 Wi' hanners a-flying they swung doon the hill,  
 The soldiers o' Scotland! What heart wad na thrill?  
 As the laddies marched past, ah! sure it was fine;  
 Ev'ryane in a kilt, ev'ryane in his prime.  
 Wi' kilts a' a-swing, plaids and sporrans, foreby—  
 I fung a bit heather as they passed me by.

### CHORUS

A sprig o' white heather frae some Scottish glen  
 I fung tae the kilties, for luck, don't ye ken?  
 The skirl o' the pipes wi' echoing lilt  
 Arouses the soul o' the man wi' a kilt.  
 The swing o' the kilts, the skirl o' the pipes,  
 And the beat o' the drums,—the people excites.  
 The lure o' the kilt! Crowds cheer and hurrah!  
 For the pipes and the kilties are coming, hurrah!

Some bonnie sweet lassies were standing quite near,  
 Sae proud o' their men folk, their spell I could hear:  
 "The lure o' the kilt mak's some men, wee or brau,  
 Wear the dress o' Scotsmen, though no' Scots at a'."  
 Mair regiments appeared and fell intae line,  
 A' sae lythesome and strong—how their e'en brightly shine!  
 The haggpipes and drums—"Hooch, ay!" I did cry,  
 I had nae mair heather as they passed me by.

A sprig o' white heather frae some Scottish glen  
 Tae gie tae the kilties, for luck, don't ye ken?

Extra verse:  
 Optional

etc.

*A young Scottish soldier in far distant clime  
 O' au mither's sons that dear laddie was mine.  
 He's deeing sae far frae his hame-land awa'  
 I, alane in Scotland, could but hope and pray.  
 Just a kiss for mither, maybe a bit prayer—  
 A hospital nurse was the only aye there—  
 A wee bit heather she treasured wi' care  
 She took frae her bosom and placed in his hair.*

### CHORUS—3rd Verse

A sprig o' white heather frae some Scottish glen  
 She gie'en the dear laddie—God bless her! Amen.  
 The wailing pibroch wi' mournful lament  
 Wafts onward the soul to eternal content.  
 The swing o' the kilts, the skirl o' the pipes;  
 And the beat o' the drums,—the people unites.  
 The lure o' the kilt! \*Crowds murmur, "Och-hey!"  
 As the pipers and kilties march slowly awa'.

\*Note instructions  
 on music for 3rd chorus

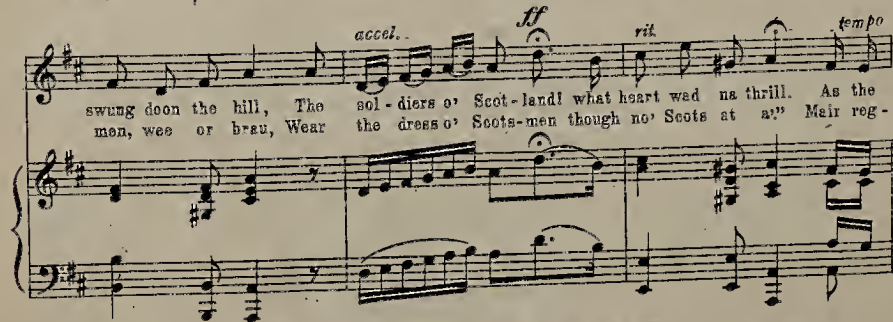
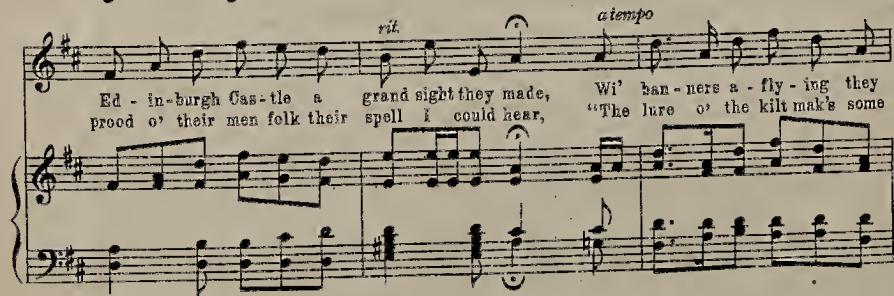
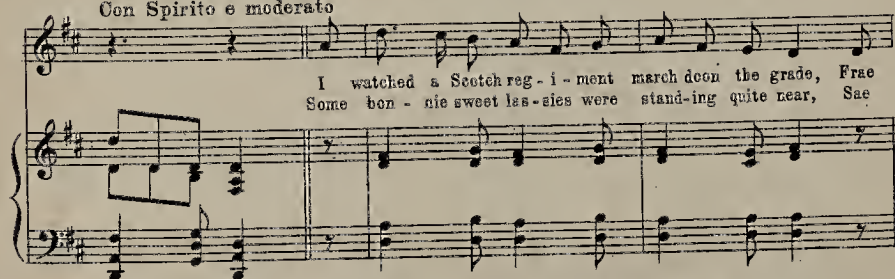


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EDWARD JOHNSON  
MUSIC LIBRARYWords by  
GEORGE COX

## "The Lure O' The Kilt"

3

Music by  
KINGSLEY O'TAY*Introduction**Con Spirito e moderato*

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lad-dies marched past, Ah! sure it was fine, Ev-ry a-ne in a kilt, ev-ry  
i-ments ap-peared, and fell in tae line, A' sae lythe-some and strong, how their

ane in his prime; Wi' kilts a' a-swing, plaids and apor-rans fore-by, I  
e'en bright-ly shine! The bag-pipes and drums "hocch ay!" I did cry, I

*rall.* flung a bit heath-er as they passed me by.  
had nae mair heath-er as they passed me by. *ten.*

**CHORUS** *Ben marcato* *rit.* *Poco accel.*  
A sprig o' white heath-er frae some Scot-tish glen, I flung tae the kilt-ies for  
Tae gie tae the kilt-ies for



*ff*

luck don't ye ken. The skirl o' the pipes wi' ec - ho - ing lilt, A -  
 luck don't ye ken.

rous - es the soul o' the man wi' a kilt; The swing o' the kilts, The

*rit.* *mp*

skirl o' the pipes, And the beat o' the drums the peo-ple ex-cites; The lure o' the kilt Crowds

(The small notes to be used in the third chorus only.)  
*Poco accel.* *ff* *(opp)*

cheer and hur-rah! For the pipes and the kilt-ies are com-ing, hur-rah!

*ff* *ff*

(Tremolo effect)

WORDS BY                      A SONG OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARM                      MUSIC BY  
George Cox    YOU AND I ALONE    Kingsley O'Tay

CHORUS


*Adante espressivo*



1st. When heart beats to heart, and soul speaks to soul,    On - ly im - a - gine just  
2nd. Then heart beats to heart, and soul speaks to soul,    I can im - a - gine and  
3rd. Would heart beat to heart, would soul speak to soul,    Can you im - a - gine or



pic - ture in fan - cy    You and I    a - lone.  
pic - ture in fan - cy    You and I    a - lone.  
pic - ture in fan - cy    You or I    a - lone.



*mp*  
On - ly im - a - gine, just pic - ture in fan - cy    You and I    a - lone. —  
I can im - a - gine, and pic - ture in fan - cy    You and I    a - lone. —  
Can you im - a - gine, or pic - ture in fan - cy    You or I    a - lone. —

*pp*                      *rall*

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